Numb. 5.

The English LUCIAN:

OR,

Weekly Discoveries

OF THE

Witty Intrigues, Comical Passages, and Remarkable Transactions in *Town* and *Country*: With Reflections on the *Vices* and *Vanities* of the *Times*.

From **Candlemas-day**, to the **Wednesday** following, 1698.

St. Margarets-Hill, Southwark, Feb. 3.

THis day the Wife of a well known *Seasoner*, who took equal delight in *Feasting* her own Carcass and *Starving* her Servants, sent her Prentice to the Bake-House with two Puddings, one of curious *Almonds* for her own sweet Tooth; the other of courser *Flower* for Servile Grinders, the Maid, who envy'd her Mistress's delicacy, said to the *Boy*, *I Wish I had a Tast of that Pudding*; *Faith*, quoth the Boy, who was an arch Wagg, *I'll contrive you a Lusty Luncheon*; accordingly when Stuff-gut hour was come, he went to the *Lumber-Pudding Bakers*, fetch'd away the different *Belly-Timber*; by the way, slyly Stepping into a corner, pull'd the Tiles from the Almond Structure. After which he returned home Whimpering and Sniveling like a wench before a Justice for *Cock-catching*: Being demanded what all'd him, he could make no other reply than *indeed Mistress I could not help it*; *indeed Mistress I could not help it*, she weary'd with his irksome Repititions hastily demanded what was the matter? To which, with abundance of seeming concern, he reply'd, *for sooth Madam, as I came by the Farrier's Shop, he unhappyly threw a Bowl full of Liquor they had been bathing a gall'd Horse back with upon your Pudding*: *However, forsooth*, quoth he, *I pair'd it as clean of as I could*, The Inrag'd Mistress forthwith call'd to the Maid, strickly commanding her to give the Boy no Victuals, till he had Eat up all the *Pudding*: By which cunning Shift they frankly feasted with their Mistresses Dainties. Nay, to compleat the *Banquet*, that day it fortunately happen'd, the Mistress sent the same Boy for a quart of Sack, which he (as soon as orders received for the Message) promised to his kind fellow Servant, to effect which, nothing would Serve him at the *Tavern*, but a Pot without a Cover, which was Easily granted him, by reason he affirm'd it to be the largest; coming home, he took one swigg at it, and then came whining to his Pinch-gut Dame, as aforesaid, who ask'd him the occasion of his whimpering, *alas*, said he, *coming along a huge filthy* Spider *dropt into my Pot, which I unhappily Burst by endeavouring to take her out with my Fingers*; *However I think I have pritty well clear'd the Wine of all her nasty Relicts*. Without any more words, she strickly injoyn'd the Maid to see the Boy drink the Wine up, which accordingly was done, both making themselves very merry with it; but the Boy Continu'd the Jest yet further; for he pretended himself very sick, kept his Bed, & what not. His Mistress sent for a *Physitian*, and very much laid to heart her Passionate Command, desiring all care imaginable to be taken of the unhappy Boy; fearing, perhaps, to be call'd in Question for her too rigorous proceedings.

Stocks-Market, Feb. 4. A Gentleman being suddenly taken with a violent motion in his Body, was hastily going to the public *Squerting-Office* to ease Nature, but groping in his Pockets for a *Fundament-Wiper*, could find nothing proper for that purpose, when at the same instant, a Woman came bawling by, *The Flying Post*, *The Post-Man* and *The Post-Boy*, he call'd her to him, and ask'd for one of her *NewsPapers*: *Which Sir*, said she? *Either of them*, reply'd the Gentleman, *will serve my turn*; upon which she deliver'd the *Post-Boy*, he ask'd the Price of it; she answered *a Penny*; the Gentleman tears it in the middle, and return'd her one half again, with a *Half Penny*, saying, *this part will do my Business well enough*: The Woman, perceiving her self trick'd, gave him as many Curses as a *Fish-Woman* bestows upon a *Car-Man* that oversets her Basket; and so left him.

Moorfields, Feb. 9. There is an Eminent *Astrologer* of these parts that has lookt under the tail of every Constellation, and has an intimate familiarity with the Signs and Planets, as *Mall Cut-Purse* has been said to have with the *Pick-Pockets* of her time. This fellow having got an excellent knack at Match-Making, by a correspondence he kept with *Bauds*, *Midwifes*, *Nurses*, &c. And being able to satisfie a longing Virgin to a minute when she should be rid of that troublesome companion call'd a *Maiden-Head*, had given a buxom wench, not long since, great assurances that by such a time, she should certainly be gratified in what she desir'd. Home she went with a jolly Heart, and refresh'd her self every Night with a comfortable apprehension of the approaching felicity; but finding the date of her hopes so near expired, without so much as the encouragement of being asked

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